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THE HISTORY

OF

DUNCAN CAMPBELL,

AND HIS

DOG OSCAR.

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Duncan Campbell came from the Highlands, when six years of age, to live with an old maiden aunt in Edinburgh, and attend the school. His mother was dead; but his father had supplied her place, by marrying his house keeper. Duncan did not trouble himself about these matters, nor indeed about any other matters, save a black leaf of his father's, and a large sagacious collar, named Oscar, which he longed to one of the shepherds.—There being no other boy, save Duncan, about the house, Oscar and he were constant companions.—With his garter tied round Oscar's neck, and a piece of deal tied to his big bushy tail, Duncan would often lead him about the green, pleased with the idea that he was conducting a horse and cart. Oscar submitted to all this with great cheerfulness, but whenever Duncan mounted to ride on him, he forced means instantly to unhorse him, either by galloping or rolling himself on the green. When Duncan threatened him, he looked submissive and licked his face and hands; when he corrected him with the whip, he covered at his feet. Oscar would lodge no place during the night, but at the door of the room where his young friend slept, and was to be the man or woman who ventured to enter in at unlikely hours.

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When Duncan left his native home, he thought not of his father nor any of the servants. He was

fond of the ride, and some supposed that he even scarcely thought of the black foal; but when he saw Oscar standing looking him in the face, the tears immediately blinded both his eyes. He caught him around the neck, hugged and kissed him.—"Good b'ye Oscar," said he blubbering; "Good b'ye, God bless you, my dear Oscar; Duncan mounted before a servant and rode away. Oscar still followed at a distance, until he reached the top of the hill—he then sat down and howled. Duncan cried till his little heart was like to burst. What ails you? said the servant; "I will never see my poor honest Oscar again," said Duncan, "an' my heart canna bide it."

Duncan staid a year in Edinburgh, but he did not make great progress in learning, neither did he approve highly of attending the school, and his aunt was too indulgent to compel his attendance. She grew extremely ill one day—the maids kept constantly by her, and never regarded Duncan. He was an additional charge to them, and they never loved him, but used him harshly. It was now with great difficulty that he could obtain either meat or drink. In a few days after his aunt was taken ill she died. All was in confusion, and poor Duncan was like to perish with hunger;—he could find no person in the house; but hearing a noise in his aunt's chamber, he went in, and beheld them dressing the corpse of his kind relation:—it was enough: Duncan was horified beyond what mortal breast was able to endure:—he hastened down the stair as fast as his feet would carry him, crying incessantly all the way. He would not have entered that house again if the world had been offered him as a reward. Some people stopped him in order to ask what was the matter but he could only answer them by exclaiming, "Oh, dear! Oh, dear," and struggling till

he got free, held on his course careless whither he went, providing he got far enough from the horrid scene he had so lately witnessed. Some have supposed, and I believe Duncan has been heard confess, that he then imagined he was running for the Highlands, but mistook the direction. However, he continued his course until he came to a place where two ways met, a little south of Grange Toll. Here he sat down, and his frenzied passion subsided into a soft melancholy;—he cried no more, but sobbed excessively; fixed his eyes on the ground, and made some strokes in the dust with his finger.

A sight just then appeared, which somewhat interested his heavy and forlorn heart—it was a large drove of Highland cattle. They were the only creatures like acquaintances that Duncan had seen for a year, and a tender feeling of joy, mixed with regret, thrilled his heart at the sight of their white horns and broad dew-laps. As the van passed him, he thought their looks were particularly gruff and sullen; he soon perceived the cause, they were all in the hands of Englishmen; poor exiles like himself; going far away to be killed and eaten, and would never see the Highland hills again.

When they were all gone by, Duncan looked after them, and wept anew; but his attention was suddenly called away to something that softly touched his feet;—he looked hastily about—it was a poor hungry lame dog, squatted on the ground, licking his feet, and manifesting the most extravagant joy. Gracious Heaven! it was his own Oscar! starved, emaciated, and so crippled that he was scarcely able to walk. He was doomed to be the slave of a Yorkshire peasant, (who it seems, had bought or stolen him at Falkirk) the generosity and benevolence of whose feelings were as inferior to

those of Oscar, as Oscar was inferior to him in strength and power. It is impossible to conceive a more tender meeting than this was; but Duncan soon observed that hunger and misery were painted in his friend's looks, which again pierced his heart with feelings unfelt before.—'I have not a crumb to give you, my poor Oscar!' said he—'I have not a crumb to eat myself, but I am not so ill as you are.' The peasant whistled aloud. Oscar well knew the sound, and clinging to the boy's bosom, leaned his head upon his thigh, and looked in his face, as if saying, 'O Duncan, protect me from yon ruffian.' The whistle was repeated, accompanied by a loud and surly call. Oscar trembled, but fearing to disobey, he limped away reluctantly after his unfeeling master, and who observing him to linger and look back, imagined he wanted to effect his escape, and came running back to meet him. Oscar cowered to the earth in the most submissive and imploring manner, but the peasant laid hold of him by the ear and uttering many imprecations, struck him with a thick staff till he lay senseless at his feet.

Every possible circumstance seemed combined to wound the feelings of poor Duncan, but this unmerited barbarity shocked him most of all. He hasted to the scene of action, weeping bitterly, and telling the man that he was a cruel brute, and that if ever he himself grew a big man he would certainly kill him. He held up his favourite's head that he might recover his breath, and the man knowing that he could do little without the assistance of his dog, waited patiently to see what would be the issue. The animal recovered, and stammered away at the heels of his tyrant, without daring to look behind him, Duncan stood still, but kept

his eyes eagerly fixed upon Oscar, and the farther he went from him, the more strong his desire grew to follow him. He looked the other way, but all was to him a blank—he had no desire to stand where he was, so he followed Oscar and the drove of cattle.

The cattle were weary and went slowly, and Duncan getting a little rod in his hand, assisted the men greatly in driving. One of the drivers gave him a penny, and another gave him twopence; and the lad who had the charge of the drove, observing how active and pliable he was, and how far he had accompanied them on the way, gave him sixpence this was a treasure to Duncan, who, being very hungry, bought three penny rolls as he passed through a town; one of these he ate himself, another he gave to Oscar, and the third he carried below his arm, in case of further necessity. He drove all the day, and at night the cattle rested upon a height which seems to have been that between Gala Water and Middleton. Duncan went aside in company with Oscar, to eat his roll, and taking shelter behind an earthen wall, they shared their dry meal most lovingly between them. Ere it was quite finished, Duncan being fatigued, dropped into a profound slumber, out of which he did not awake until the next morning was far advanced. Englishmen, cattle, and Oscar, all were gone. Duncan found himself alone on a wild height, in what country or kingdom he knew not. He sat for some time in a callous stupor, rubbing his eyes, and scratching his head, quite irresolute what was farther necessary for him to do, until he was agreeably surprised by the arrival of Oscar, who (though he had gone at his master's call in the morning) had found means to escape and seek the retreat of his young friend and benefactor. Duncan, without

reflecting on the consequence, rejoiced in the event, and thought of nothing else than furthering his escape from the ruthless tyrant who now claimed him. For this purpose he thought it would be best to leave the road, accordingly he crossed it in order to go over a waste moor to the westward. He had not got forty paces from the road, until he beheld the enraged Englishman running towards him without his coat, and having his staff heaved over his shoulder. Duncan's heart fainted within him, knowing it was all over with Oscar, and most likely with himself. The peasant seemed not to have observed them, as he was running, and rather looked the other way; and as Duncan quickly lost sight of him in a hollow that lay between them, he crept into a bush of heath and took Oscar in his bosom; the man had observed from whence the dog started in the morning, and hasted to the place expecting to find him sleeping beyond the earthen dike; he found the nest, but the birds were flown:—he called aloud; Oscar trembled and clung to Duncan's breast; Duncan peeped through his purple covert like a heath-cock on his native waste, and again beheld the ruffian coming towards them, with his staff still heaved, and fury in his looks;—when he came within a few yards he bellowed out 'Oscar, yho, yho!' Oscar quaked, and still clung closer to Duncan's breast; Duncan almost sunk to the earth: 'D—n him,' said the Englishman, 'if I had a hold of him I should make both him and the little thievish rascal dear at a small price; they cannot be far gone —I think I hear them; he then stood listening, but at that instant a farmer came up on horseback, and having heard him call, asked him if he had lost his dog? The peasant answered in the affirmative, and added, that a blackguard boy had stolen

him. The farmer said that he met a boy with a dog about a mile forward. During this dialogue, the farmer's dog came up to Duncan's den, smelled upon him then upon Oscar,—cocked his tail, walked round them growling, and then behaved in a very improper manner to Duncan, who took all patiently, uncertain whither he was yet discovered. But so intent was the fellow upon the farmer's intelligence, that he took no notice of the discovery made by the dog, but ran off without looking over his shoulder.

Duncan felt this a deliverance so great, that all his other distresses vanished; and as soon as the man was out of his sight, he arose from his covert and ran over the moor, and ere it was long, came to a shepherd's house, where he got some whey and bread for his breakfast, which he thought the best meat he had ever tasted, yet shared it with Oscar.

Though I had this history from his own mouth, yet there is a space here which it is impossible to relate with any degree of distinctness or interest. He was a vagabond boy, without any fixed habitation, and wandered about Heriot Moor from one farm house to another, for the space of a year; staying from one to twenty nights in each house, according as he found the people kind to him. He seldom resented any indignity offered to himself, but whoever insulted Oscar, or offered any observations on the impropriety of their friendship, lost Duncan's company next morning. He staid several months at a place called Dewar, which he said was hunted by the ghost of a piper;—the piper had been murdered there many years before, in a manner somewhat mysterious, or at least unaccountable; and there was scarcely a night but which he was supposed either to be seen or heard about the house. I shall give this story in Duncan's own

words, which I have often heard him repeat without any variation.

I had been driving some young cattle to the heights of Willensfie—it grew late before I got home. I was thinking, and thinking how cruel it was to kill the poor piper! to cut out his tongue, and stab him in the back. I thought it was no wonder that his ghost took it extremely ill; when, all on a sudden I perceived a light before me:—I thought the wand in my hand was all on fire, and threw it away, but I perceived the light glide slowly by my right foot, and burn behind me; I was nothing afraid, and turned about to look at the light, and there I saw the piper, who was standing hard at my back, and when I turned round, he looked me in the face.' 'What was he like, Duncan?' 'He was like a dead body! but I got a short view of him; for that moment all around me grew dark as a pit!—I tried to run, but sunk powerless to the earth, and lay in a kind of dream, I do not know how long; when I came to myself, I got up, and endeavoured to run, but fell to the ground every two steps. I was not a hundred yards from the house, and I am sure fell upwards of a hundred times. Next day I was in a very high fever; the servants made me a comfortable bed in the kitchen, to which I was confined by illness many days, during which time I suffered the most dreadful agonies by night, always imagining the piper to be standing over me on the one side or the other. As soon as I was able to walk, I left Dewar, and for a long time durst never sleep alone during the night, nor stay by myself in the day time.'

The superstitious ideas impressed upon Duncan's mind by this unfortunate encounter with the ghost of the piper, seem never to have been eradicated;

a strong instance of the power of early impressions, and a warning how much caution is necessary in modelling the conceptions of the young and tender mind, for of all men I ever knew, he is the most afraid of meeting with apparitions. So deeply is his imagination mixed with this startling illusion, that even the calm disquisitions of reason have proved quite inadequate to the task of dispelling it. When ever it wears late, he is always on the look out for these ideal beings, keeping a jealous eye upon every bush and brake, in case they should be lurking behind them, ready to fly out and surprise him every moment; and the approach of a person in the dark, or any sudden noise, always deprives him of the power of speech for some time.

After leaving Dewar, he again wandered about for a few weeks; and it appears that his youth, beauty, and peculiarly destitute situation, together with his friendship for his faithful Oscar, had interested the most part of the country people in his behalf, for he was generally treated with kindness. He knew his father's name, and the name of his house: but as some of the people he visited had never before heard of either the one or the other, they gave themselves no trouble about the matter.

He staid nearly two years in a place he called Gowhaur, till a wretch, with whom he slept, struck and abused him one day. Duncan, in a rage, flew to the loft, and cut all his Sunday hat, shoes and coat in pieces; and not daring to abide the consequences, decamped that night.

He wandered about for some time longer among the farmers of Tweed and Yarrow; but this life was now become exceedingly disagreeable to him. He durst not sleep by himself, and the servants did

not always choose that a vagrant boy and his great dog should sleep with them.

It was on a rainy night, at the close of harvest that Duncan came to my father's house, I remember all the circumstances as well as those of yesterday. The whole of his clothing consisted only of one black coat, which having been for a full grown man, hung fairly to his heels; the hair of his head was rough, curled, and weather beaten; but his face was ruddy and beautiful, bespeaking a healthy body and a sensible feeling heart. Oscar was still nearly as large as himself, had the colour of a fox, with a white stripe down his face, and a ring of the same colour round his neck, and was the most beautiful colley I have ever seen. My heart was knit to Duncan at the first sight, and I wept for joy when I saw my parents so kind to him. My mother in particular, could scarcely do any thing else than converse with Duncan for several days. I was always of the party, and listened with wonder and admiration: and often have these adventures been repeated to me. My parents, who soon seemed to feel the same concern for him as if he had been their own son, clothed him in blue drugget, and bought him a smart little Highland bonnet; in which dress he looked so charming, that I would not let them have peace until I got one of the same. Indeed, all that Duncan said or did was to me a pattern, for I loved him as my own life. I was, at my own request, which he persuaded me to urge, permitted to be his bed-fellow, and many a happy night and day did I spend with Duncan and Oscar.

As far as I remember, we felt no privation of any kind, and would have been completely happy, if it had not been for the fear of spirits. When the conversation chanced to turn upon the Piper of

Dewar, the maid of Flora, or the Pedlar of Thirlestane Mill, often have we lain with the bed-clothes drawn over our heads until nearly suffocated. We loved the fairies and the brownies, and even felt a little partiality for the mermaids, on account of their beauty and charming songs; we were a little jealous of the water-kelpies, and always kept aloof from the frightsome pools. We hated the devil most heartily, but we were not much afraid of him; but a ghost! oh dreadful! the name ghost, spirit, or apparition sounded in our ears like the knell of destruction, and our hearts sunk within us as if pierced by the cold icy shaft of death. Duncan herded my father's cows all the summer—so did I—we could not live asunder. We grew fishers so expert, that the speckled trout, with all his art could not elude our machinations; we forced him from his watery cove, admired the beautiful shades and purple drops that were painted on his sleeky sides, and forthwith added him to our number, without the least reluctance. We assailed the habitation of the wild bee, and rifled it of all her accumulated sweets, though not, however, without encountering the most determined resistance. My father's meadows abounded with hives; they were almost in every swath—in every hillock. When the swarm was large they would beat us off, day after day. In all these engagements, Oscar came to our assistance, and, provided that none of the enemy made a lodgement in his lower defiles, he was always the last combatant of our party on the field. I do not remember of ever being so much diverted by any scene I ever witnessed, or laughing so immoderately as I have done, at seeing Oscar involved in a moving cloud of wild bees, wheeling, snapping on all sides, and shaking his ears incessantly.

The sagacity which this animal possessed is almost incredible, while his undaunted spirit and generosity it would do honour to every servant of our own species to copy. Twice did he save his master's life; at one time when attacked by a furious bull, and at another time when he fell from behind my father, off a horse into a flooded river. Oscar had just swimmed across, but instantly plunged in a second time to his master's rescue. He first got hold of his bonnet, but that coming off, he quitted it, and again catching him by the coat, brought him to the side in safety, where my father reached him. He wakened Duncan at a certain hour every morning, and would frequently turn the cows of his own accord when he observed them wrong. If Duncan dropped his knife, or any other small article, he would fetch it along in his mouth; and if sent back for any lost thing, would infallibly find it. When sixteen years of age, after being unwell for several days, he died one night below his master's bed. On the evening before when Duncan came in from the plough,—he came from his hiding place, wagged his tail, licked Duncan's hand, and returned to his death-bed. Duncan and I lamented him with unfeigned sorrow, buried him below the old rowan tree at the back of my father's garden, placing a square stone at his head, which was still standing the last time I was there. By the time that we were recalled from school to herd the cows next summer, we could both read the Bible with considerable facility, but Duncan far excelled me in perspicacity; and so fond was he of reading Bible history, that the reading of it was now our constant amusement. Often have Mary, and he, and I, lain under the same plaid, by the side of the corn or meadow, and read chapter about on the

Bible for hours together, weeping over the failings and fall of good men, and wondering at the inconceivable might of the heroes of antiquity. Never was man delighted as Duncan was when he came to the history of Samson, and afterwards of David and Goliath; he could not be satisfied until he had read it with every individual with whom he was acquainted, judging it to be as new and as interesting to every one as it was to himself. I have seen him standing by the girls as they were milking the cows, reading to them the feats of Samson; and, in short, harrassing every person about the hamlet, for audience. On Sundays, my parents accompanied us to the fields, and joined in our delightful exercise.

Time passed away, and so also did our youthful delights; but other cares and other pleasures awaited us. As we advanced in years and strength, we quitted the herding, and bore a hand in the labours of the farm. Mary, too, was often our assistant. She and Duncan were nearly of an age—he was tall, comely, and affable; and if Mary was not the prettiest girl in the parish, at least Duncan and I believed her to be so, which with us, amounted to the same thing. We often compared the other girls in the parish with one another as to their beauty and accomplishment, but to think of comparing any of them with Mary was entirely out of the question. She was, indeed, the emblem of truth, simplicity, and innocence, and if there were few more beautiful, there were still fewer so good and amiable; but still as she advanced in years, she grew fonder and fonder of being near Duncan; and by the time she was nineteen, was so deeply in love, that it affected her manner, her spirits, and her health. At one time she was gay and frisky as

a kitten; she would dance, sing, and laugh violently at the most trivial incidents. At other times she was silent and sad, while a languishing softness overspread her features, and added greatly to her charms. The passion was undoubtedly mutual between them; but Duncan either from a sense of honour, or some other cause, never declared himself farther on the subject, than by the most respectful attention and tender assiduities.

About forty years ago the flocks of southern sheep which have since that period inundated the Highlands, had not found their way over the Grampian mountains, and the native flocks of that sequestrated country where so scanty, that it was found necessary to transport small quantities of wool annually to the north, to furnish materials for clothing the inhabitants. During two months of each summer, the hilly countries of the Lowlands were inundated by hundreds of woman from the Highlands, who bartered small articles of dress, and of domestic import, for wool; these were known by the name of *norlan' netties*; and few nights passed, during the wool season, that some of them were not lodged at my father's house. It was from two of these that Duncan learned one day that he was laird of Glenellich's only son and heir, and that a large sum had been offered to any person that could discover him. My parents certainly rejoiced in Duncan's good fortune, yet they were disconsolate at parting with him; for he had long ago become as a son of their own: and I seriously believe, from the day they first met, to that on which the two *norlan' netties* came to our house, they never once entertained the idea of parting. For my part, I wished that the *netties* had never been born, or that they had staid at their own home; for the thoughts of being

separated from my dear friend made me sick at heart. All our feelings were, however, nothing, compared with those of my sister Mary.

One day at dinner time, after a long and sullen pause, my father said, 'I hope you do not intend to leave us soon, Duncan?' 'I am thinking of going away to-morrow, Sir,' said Duncan. The knife fell from my mother's hand: she looked him steadily in the face for the space of a minute.—'Duncan,' said she, her voice faultering, and the tears dropping from her eyes, 'Duncan, I never durst ask you before, but I hope you will not leave us altogether?' Duncan thrust the plate from before him into the middle of the table—took up a book that lay on the window, and looked over the pages—Mary left the room. No answer was returned, nor any further inquiry made, and our little party broke up in silence.

When we met again in the evening, we were still all sullen. My father said, 'You will soon forget us, Duncan: but there are some among us who will not so soon forget you.' Mary again left the room, and silence ensued, until the family were called together for evening worship.

The next morning, after a restless night, Duncan rose early, put on his best suit, and packed up some little articles to carry with him. I lay panting and trembling, but pretended to be fast asleep. When he was ready to depart he took his bundle below his arm, came up to the side of the bed, and listened if I was sleeping. He then stood long hesitating, looking wistfully to the door and then to me alternately; and I saw him three or four times wipe his eyes. At length he shook me gently by the shoulder and asked if I was awake. I feigned to start, and answered as if half asleep. 'I must

bid you farewell,' said he, groping to get hold of my hand. 'Will you not breakfast with us Duncan,' said I. 'No,' said he, 'I am thinking that it is best to steal away, for it will break my heart to take leave of your parents, and—'. 'And who Duncan?' said I. 'And you,' said he: 'indeed, but it is best Duncan,' said I, 'we will all breakfast together for the last time, and then take a formal and kind leave of each other. We did breakfast together, and as the conversation turned on former days, it became highly interesting to us all. When my father had returned thanks to heaven for our meal, we knew what was coming, and began to look at each other. Duncan rose, and after we had all loaded him with our blessings and warmest wishes, he embraced my parents and me. He turned about. His eyes said plainly, there is somebody still wanting, but his heart was so full he could not speak. 'What is become of Mary?' said my father;—Mary was gone. We searched the house, the garden, and the houses of all the cottagers, but she was no where to be found, Poor lovelorn forsaken Mary. She had hid herself in the ancient yew that grows in front of the old ruin, that she might see her lover depart, without herself being seen, and might indulge in all the luxury of woe.

I must pass over Duncan's journey to the north Highlands, for want of room; but on the evening of the sixth day after leaving my father's house, he reached the mansion-house of Glenellich, which stands in a little beautiful woody strath, commanding a view of the Den, Caledonian Sea, and part of the Hebrides: every avenue, tree, and rock, was yet familiar to Duncan's recollection. He had without discovering himself, learned from a peasan

that his father was still alive, but that he had never overcome the loss of his son, for whom he lamented every day; that his wife and daughter lorded it over him, holding his pleasure at nought, and rendering his age extremely unhappy; that they had expelled all his old farmers and vassals; and introduced the lady's vulgar presumptuous relations, who neither paid him rents, honour, nor obedience.

Old Glenellich was taking his evening walk on the road by which Duncan descended the strath to his dwelling. He was pondering on his own misfortunes and did not even deign to lift his eyes as the stranger approached, but seemed counting the number of marks which the horse's hoofs had made on the way. 'Good e'en to you, Sir,' said Duncan; —the old man started and stared him full in the face, but with a look so unsteady and harrassed, that he seemed incapable of distinguishing any lineament or feature of it. 'Good e'en,' said he wiping his brow with his arm, and passing by.— What there was in the voice that struck him so forcibly it is hard to say. Nature is powerful Duncan could not think of ought to detain him; and being desirous of seeing how matters went on about the house, thought it best to remain some days incog. He went into the fore-kitchen, conversed freely with the servants, and soon saw his stepmother and sister appear. The former had all the insolence and pride of vulgarity raised to wealth and eminence; the other seemed naturally of an amiable disposition, but was entirely ruled by her mother who taught her to disdain her father, all his relations, and whomsoever he loved. On the same evening he came into the kitchen, where she then was chatting with Duncan, to whom she

seemed attached at first sight. Lexy, my dear, said he, did you see my spectacles? Yes, said she, I think I saw them on your nose to-day, at breakfast. Well, but I have lost them since, said he. You may take up the next you find, Sir, said she. —The servants laughed. I might well have known what information I would get of you, said he regretfully. How can you speak in such a style to your father, my dear lady? said Duncan. If I were he, I would place you where you would learn better manners. And it ill becomes so pretty a young lady to address an old father thus. He said she, who minds him? He's a dotard, an old whining, complaining, superannuated being, worse than a child. But consider his years, said Duncan, and besides, he may have met with crosses and losses sufficient to sour the temper of a younger man. You should at all events, pity and reverence, but never despise your father. The old lady now joined them. You have yet heard nothing, young man, said the old laird, if you saw how my heart is sometimes wrung. Yes, I have had losses indeed. You losses! said his spouse, No; you never had any losses that did not in the end turn out a vast profit. Do you then count the loss of a loving wife and a son nothing? said he. But have you not got a loving wife and a daughter in their room? returned she; the one will not waste your fortune as a prodigal son would have done and the other will take care of both you and that, when you can no longer do either—the loss of your son, indeed; it was the greatest blessing you could have received. Unfeeling woman, said he; but heaven may yet restore that son to protect the grey hairs of his old father, and lay his head in an honoured grave.—The old man's spirits were quite gone—he cried like a child:

his lady mimicked him—and, at this, his daughter and the servants raised a laugh. Inhuman wretches said Duncan, starting up, and pushing them aside, thus to mock the feelings of an old man even although he were not the lord and master of you all: but take notice, the individual among you all that dares to offer such another insult to him, I'll roast on the fire. The old man clung to him, and looked at him ruefully in the face. You impudent beggarly vagabond! said the lady, do you know to whom you speak?—servants turn that wretch out of the house, and haunt him with all the dogs in the kennel. Softly, good lady, said Duncan, take care that I do not turn you out of the house. Alas, good youth, said the old laird, you little know what you are about; for mercy's sake forbear: you are brewing vengeance both for yourself and me. Fear not, said Duncan. I will protect you with my life. Pray, may I ask you what is your name? said the old man, still looking earnestly at him. That you may, replied Duncan, no man has so good a right to ask any thing of me as you have—I am Duncan Campbell, your own son! M-m-my son! exclaimed the old man, and sunk back on a seat with a convulsive moan. Duncan held him in his arms—he soon recovered, and asked many incoherent questions—looking at the two moles on his right leg—kissed him, and then wept on his bosom for joy. O God of heaven, said he, it is long since I could thank thee heartily for any thing; now I do thank thee indeed, for I have found my son, my dear and only son.

Contrary to what might have been expected, Duncan's pretty only sister, Lexy, rejoiced most of all in his discovery. She was almost wild with joy at finding such a brother. The old lady, her

mother, was said to have wept bitterly in private, but knowing that Duncan would be her master, she behaved to him with civility and respect. Every thing was committed to his management and he soon discovered, that besides a good clear estate, his father had personal funds to a great amount. The halls and cottages of Glenellich were filled with feasting, joy, and gladness.

It was not so at my father's house. Misfortune seldom comes singly. Scarcely had our feelings overcome the shock, which they received by the loss of our beloved Duncan, when a more terrible misfortune overtook. My father, by the monstrous ingratitude of a friend whom we trusted, lost at once the greater part of his hard earned fortune. The blow came unexpectedly, and distracted his personal affairs to such a degree, that an arrangement seemed almost totally impracticable. He struggled on with securities for several months; but perceiving that he was drawing his real friends into danger, by their signing of bonds which he might never be able to redeem, he lost heart entirely, and yielded to the torrent. Mary's mind seemed to gain fresh energy every day. The activity and diligence which she evinced in managing the affairs of the farm, and even in giving advice with regard to other matters, is quite incredible:—often have I thought what a treasure that inestimable girl would have been to an industrious man whom she loved. All our efforts availed nothing, my father received letters of horning on bills to a large amount, and we expected every day that he would be taken from us and dragged to prison.

We were all sitting in our little room one day, consulting what was best to be done—we could decide upon nothing, for our case was desperate—we

were fallen into a kind of stupor, but the window being up, a sight appeared that quickly thrilled every heart with the keenest sensation of anguish. Two men came riding sharply up by the back of the old school house. Yonder are the officers of justice now, said my mother, what shall we do? We hurried to the window, and all of us soon discerned that they were no other than some attorney, accompanied by a sheriff's officer. My mother entreated of my father to escape and hide himself until this first storm was overblown, but he would in nowise consent, assuring us that he had done nothing of which he was ashamed, and was determined to meet every one face to face, and let them do their worst: so finding all our entreaties vain, we could do nothing but sit down and weep. At length we heard the noise of their horses at the door. You had better take the men's horses, James, said my father, as their is no other man at hand. We will stay till they rap, if you please, said I. The cautious officer did not however rap, but afraid lest his debtor should make his escape, he jumped lightly from his horse, and hasted into the house. When we heard him open the outer door, and his footsteps approaching along the entry, our hearts fainted within us—he opened the door and stepped into the room—it was Duncan! our own dearly beloved Duncan. The women uttered an involuntary scream of surprise, but my father ran and got hold of one hand and I of the other—my mother too, soon had him in her arms, but our embrace was short, for his eyes fixed on Mary, who stood trembling with joy and wonder in a corner of the room, changing her colour every moment—he snatched her up in his arms and kissed her lips, and ere ever she was aware, her arms had encircled his

neck. O my dear Mary, said he, my heart has been ill at ease since I left you, but I durst not then tell you a word of my mind, for I little knew how I was to find affairs in the place where I was going; but ah, you little elusive rogue, you owe me another for the one you cheated me out of then; so saying, he pressed his lips again to her cheek, and then led her to a seat. Duncan then recounted his adventures to us, with every circumstance of his good fortune—our hearts were uplifted almost past bearing—all our cares and sorrows were now forgotten, and we were once more the happiest little group that ever perhaps sat together. Before the cloth was laid for dinner, Mary ran out to put on her white gown and comb her yellow hair, but was surprised at meeting with a smart young gentleman in the kitchen, with a scarlet neck on his coat, and a gold laced hat. Mary having never seen so fine a gentleman, made him a low courtesy and offered to conduct him to the room: but he smiled, and told her he was the squire's servant, we had all of us forgot to ask for the gentleman that came with Duncan.

Duncan and Mary walked for two hours in the garden that evening; we did not know what passed between them, but the next day he asked her in marriage of my parents, and never will I forget the supreme happiness and gratitude that beamed in every face on that happy occasion. I need not tell my readers that my father's affairs were soon retrieved, or that I accompanied my dear Mary a bride to the Highlands, and had the satisfaction of saluting her as Mrs. Campbell, and lady of Glenellich.

FINIS.